

the Grunt Arbiter

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Summary: a covenant grunt accidentally becomes the arbiter. But what will he do when he must face The Demon?uh oh! chapter 4!

## 1. Default Chapter

Wow, it's been a long time since I promised this. Sorry! I accidentally deleted the story yesterday, so I had to re-write it again -- anyway,

Note: I don't own halo, but halo owns me.

### THE GRUNT ARBITER CHAPTER 1

Rantik ducked behind cover as bullets flew into the air he had occupied only seconds ago. He waited until the shooting stopped, then checked his dual needlers. He smiled at the deadly, pink needles and crouched in anticipation. His shields recovered to full, and he jumped out, firing randomly. He saw a human approaching to his left, spun around, and pumped needles into it. He laughed, as the marine became a huge, pink firework. Then he heard a familiar sound behind him. He turned to face a human machine charging at him, the gun on top of it spitting flames. He dove out of the way as his shields sputtered and died. Then he saw it coming around for another pass. He shot at it frantically, but it was not enough. He felt a slight rumble as the bullets pierced his armor, and knew he was over. He saw himself fall, riddled with holes.

GAME OVER. INSERT TOKEN?

"Ha!" yelled Rantik's friend, "Me knew you couldn't beat warthog!"

Rantik cursed angrily. "That thing impossible! Me going back to the methane chamber." The two exchanged a goodbye, and parted ways. He waddled down the giant halls of the battleship, \_The Purple Potato.\_

Finally, the little grunt arrived at his room. He shut the door, and took off his mask as methane filled the chamber. He looked around for that hunk of cheese he had stolen from the cafeteria. He felt a wet squish underneath his foot, and peeled his snack off his hooves. Deeming it edible, he began to munch on it. Suddenly a jackal burst into his chamber.

"Quick, you and your squad are needed in the weapons deck. I th-" just then he noticed that the grunt was lying on the floor, gasping and pointing at the door which had been carelessly left wide open. The Jackal tossed the methane breather over." Rantik stood up, coughing, and smacked the jackal over the head.

"You some kinda moron?"

"Jackals can beat grunts any day of the week" the jackal snarled. Rantik jumped at his enemy, and the fight was on. Rantik punched the jackal, but it managed to kick him off and attacked him, pounding every inch if grunt he could see. Rantik reached across the floor, desperately looking for a weapon. His hand struggled frantically-and found his piece of cheese. He swung it up and smashed it into the jackal. It stuck on top of the jackal's head. It wandered around blindly. Rantik grabbed his enemy and chucked the unfortunate jackal into a drop pod. He punched the eject button, and walked away whistling as the jackal was launched into outer space. He then made his way to the weapons deck.

## 2. station

Wow, people really liked this. Thanks! Anyway, here's chapter two, I hope it's as good as the firstâ€¦

### CHAPTER THE SECOND

#### THE GRUNT ARBITER

Rantik arrived at the weapons deck, and saw that most of his squad was already there. A SpecOps elite was already talking to the grunts.

"So, when you are picking huckleberries, remember that just because they are pale doesn't mean they are bitter." Rantik just stared. The elite looked over, startled, and began to sputter.

"I, uh, I mean, uh, you guys are pathetic fighters next to us elites! We kicked those human's sorry little asses so hard their AI's felt itâ€¦ehâ€¦."

Rantik just continued to stare at him.

"So!" the SpecOps elite barked. "I am going to fill you in on your next mission. What you are after here is the heretic leader. You will infiltrate into their base, and kill him. Coming back is optional. This will be a very dangerous, risky mission; so naturally sending anybody important would be a big mistake. You will be joined by the elites from E deck."

Rantik groaned. The E deck elites were the bottom of the barrel soldiers, who considered marksmanship to be remembering which end of

a rifle the plasma came out of. They were usually children of rich diplomats trying to get rid of their moronic offspring. This was not going to be fun.

"Hey, grunt!" said the elite next to Rantik, poking him annoyingly. "Is it true you breathe fart gas?"

Rantik rolled his eyes. Why do they always ask this? He thought. Damn humans, spreading lies again.

"No, your excellency. Methane is only a small component of farts, which is a chemical mixture created by the churning of your stomach."

The Elite stared at him blankly.

"NO."

"Here we are!" yelled the pilot. "Now, I was talking to the other pilot on the wide broadcast channel, so they might now you're coming. Sorry."

Rantik checked his belt one more time. Four grenades were attached there, along with his pistol. He was gonna show what kind of warrior he was. He walked over to the gravity tube, stepped in- and fell right out of the ship. He landed flat on his face.

"Sorry about that!" the pilot called. "Forgot to turn on the antigrav!" Rantik was about to get up when another elite landed on him. Then another. The entire squad in his dropship one by one jumped out of the ship and landed on Rantik. The grunt slowly got to his feet and looked around. No enemies in sight. He unslung his pistol and waddled over to where the elites had gathered for some reason. They pointed at something on the wall, and Rantik eagerly scrambled over to see what it was.

Sorry ,this chapter's a little short.

### 3. heretics!

Note: Rantik is a SpecOps grunt. That should explain his upcoming kickassness.

## Chapter three

### THE GRUNT ARBITER

Rantik quickly went over to where the elites had gathered. They were standing around a holopanel, staring at it.

"Check it out!" said one of the elites. "It's all glowy and stuff."

Rantik sighed and pushed a few buttons on the panel. The nearby door slid open, and the squad piled inside.

"Engage Active Camouflage." Whispered an elite. Rantik sighed again as every single elite turned on their flashlight,

"No, camo, CAMO. Next to the flashlight button. The black one. No, that's hot pink. There you go."

The squad became invisible and entered the door. Inside was a single elite and some sleeping grunts. Rantik snuck up and unhooked the elite's breather. It fell to the ground, writhing. One of the elites in his squad looked at the sleeping grunts and giggled stupidly.

"Who brought the shaving cream?" he ran over and began making funny faces at the slumbering grunts. Suddenly the enemies snapped awake and began firing at Rantik's squad. Rantik fired away with his pistol, and heard a sudden yell. He turned around and saw one of his elite squad mates choking on his own rifle. Rantik yanked it out of his mouth, then handed it back. "Goes in your hand, not in your mouth."

"Raru 'Entaree said that metal tasted nice." The elite glared at his ally, who was sucking contentedly on a grenade. Rantik turned his attention back to the fight, and saw one of the grunts speaking into a communicator.

"Five monkeys in a car, repeat, FIVE MONKEYS IN A CAR!" Elite warriors ran to join the battle from all directions.

Rantik sprung into action. He ran at the enemies, taking cover as plasma and needles flew past his hiding spot. He ran out and dived at the grunts firing at him. He tore a breather out of a grunt's mouth, fired his plasma pistol into the face of another, and kicked the last one in the shin, hard.

"OW!" the heretic yelled. "Frickin idiot!" Rantik smashed his weapon over its head, and hid as an elite ran around the corner. One of Rantik's allies ran over and filled the heretic with needles. Rantik signaled a thanks, and peered out from his cover. The heretics, now a smaller group, stood together and looked around cautiously. Then the drop ship that Rantik had flown in on crashed through the ceiling, landing on all of the heretics.

"Oops!" yelled the pilot. "Forgot the altitude!" and the ship lifted off, crashing through the ceiling again on its way out. Rantik and his team fought through the rest of the station, and arrived at a locked door.

"The heretic leader is in this next room." Said one elite.

"how do you know?" the elite pointed at the sign, which read "roof-secret entrances, level 4- constant fighting, level 3- weird spaceship dealie which has no real importance, -level 2-generic hallway fighting. Level 1- heretic leader."

"I see." Said Rantik. "But how are we supposed to get through this locked door. He looked up and heard somebody say, "Slice that door, Deltas." 4 men in white armor ran over to a conveniently placed console, and one began to type on it. The door slid open.

"What are you guys doing here?" asked Rantik.

"Breachin' doors." Said the yellow one, as though it was the most obvious thing ever.

"Well, uh, thanks." Said Rantik, and the squad walked inside were the heretic leader was.

"I have been expecting you." Said the heretic leader, who swung around in a chair to face the team.

"What the- how did you know we were coming?" asked Rantik.

"I read ahead in the story." Said the heretic leader smugly. And with that, he activated his jetpack, and began firing at them. they all ducked for cover. Rantik primed a plasma grenade, and threw it. It soared through the air-and landed on one of Rantik's elite allies. He yelled, and ran into a support pole as the explosion engulfed him. The pole teetered for a second, and then fell over, right on top of the heretic leader.

There was a moment's silence.

"Did you just kill that heretic?" said one elite finally. Rantik nodded slowly, his actions dawning on him. "All hail Rantik, The fiercest warrior the covenant has ever seen!" the elites all cheered.

"I'm not dead..." said the heretic leader, whose head was still visible underneath the giant pole.

"What was that?" asked an elite.

"Just air escaping" replied Rantik.

"I'm not dead!"

Silence.

"He says he's not dead."

"Well he is."

"No I'm not!"

"Yes you are!"

"I'm getting" better!"

"No you aren't."

"I don't want to die! I'm still alive."

Rantik sighed exasperatedly.

"Excuse me for a second." He ran over and began kicking the heretic in the head.

"OW! Quit it! I am a great leader!Ow! I demand respect! Ouch! You're bruising my face! Ow! Quit it!"

"Shut up! Why won't you shut up?" yelled Rantik. Finally, the elite fell silent. And there was much cheering.

Please don't sue me, Monty Python!

#### 4. initiation

Hey eveybody! Sorry I havn't updated this in a very long time, but I have been busy with school. I hope to get this more on track. So, without further ado, the new, improved episode. (do not consume if you are allergic to connect the dots. If you are unsure if you should be eating literature, please consult a physician or lawyer, or somebody that's not me.)

The Adventures of SALAD MAN and POTATO BOY!

Act I â€" the Ranch Dressing Robbery

"come quick to the vegetable bank, saladman!" cried the mayor of vegiville. "there's been a robbery!"

"tell me about the clues!" cried salad man." Potato boy and I shall get to the bottom of this!"

"well" the detective cried, " all that was left at the scene was this calling card, that says

"you have been robbed by Darry Dressing. Questions or comments about this robbery? Call me at 555-555-5555-55555-5555 or visit me on the web at could it possibly be?" cried Saladman.

Eheheheâ€| just kidding around.

The Grunt arbiter chapter 3

Rantik gulped as he walked towards one place no grunt had been before (no, not the shower). It was the mausoleum of the Arbiter.

"stop here." Growled one of his elite escorts.

"why?"

"my shoelace's untied. Gimme a second. Over, under, round the bunny holeâ€|there we go!"

and they continued in. inside were the three prophets, one was getting a drink from an elite.

"NO!" yelled the prophet, in his wussy, high pitched voice. "I said cream, not milk. TARTARUS!"

"let there be no greater heresy!" yelled Tartarus, ramming the mark of shame onto the elite's face. The elite screamed, ran around, and fell off those giant cliffs leading to nowhere that are every freakin where for some reason. The Prophet took a sip.

"hmm. So it was cream after all."

"highest prophets. We have brought the soldier, as you requested,"

"you may leave, random elite guy."

"my name's-"

what makes you think I care?" the elite bowed and left, muttering about his rights as a member of the covenant.

"and who are you, grunt?" asked the prophet That We Formally Kicked The Crap Out Of.

"me Rantik, excellency."

"I have heard of your triumphs. You have done well. Tell me, how would you like to take on a grand opportunity?"

"uhâ€|.sure."

"how would you like to be the Arbiter, the grandest of our warriors?"

" I thought you already had one?"

" oh no, he died. We sent him on a mission to fight the standbying heretics of the internets, and they dropped his level so low that he got sad and started playing crimson skies. What a terrible waste."

"Rantik wants to know what's in it for him."

"well, you will get significantly improved armor than the standard paper bag armor the average grunt gets. Another improvement is this blue plasma pistol!"

"what makes it special?"

"it's blue! Another thing you will receive is this entourage of lovely female grunts!" the prophet pulled on a string to reveal a group of girl grunts smiling and winking at Rantik.

" Rantikâ€|is.. not so sure about thisâ€|."

"finally" the Prophet said "you will receive a lifetime supply of the finest cheese we have to offer, any time you want." Rantik drooled, thinking of the cheese.

"Rantik will do it!"

"exellent" said the prophet. "and let nothing stand in our way!"

end chapter 3 , four coming soon (hopefully)

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End  
file.